

SIDE #13

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Maggie and Lorraine

(with one line toward end from Radio Man)

Maggie is alone with Lorraine for the first time since Whiteside beckoned her from London. Earlier in the day, Bert Jefferson dropped in just after Lorraine's dramatic arrival and Maggie watched helplessly as the seductress began immediately to work her charms on him; the unsuspecting Bert gave her a ride back to her hotel so that she could change for dinner. Maggie quickly saw through Whiteside's machinations and surmised the true reason behind Lorraine's supposedly altruistic visit.

Appropriately dressed for the task at hand, Lorraine has arrived once again at the Stanley home. This scene is a quiet, unspoken confrontation between a very intelligent, unpretentious, down-to-earth woman who is in love and wants to protect her turf at any cost, and one of the famous seductresses of the world – crafty, manipulative, ruthless and, when it comes to stealing men, in a class by herself.

LORRAINE enters. She is resplendent in evening dress and wrap, straight from Paris. At the same time, MAGGIE emerges from library D.R. and John goes on his way up L. MAGGIE puts the phone back on console D.R.) (LORRAINE to C.)

- LORRAINE:** Hello, dear. Where's Sherry?
- MAGGIE:** Inside working — he's broadcasting very soon. (MAGGIE puts present from ottoman under tree U.C.)
- LORRAINE:** (Surveying the room.) Oh, of course — Christmas Eve. What a wonderful man Sheridan Whiteside is. You know, my dear, it must be such an utter joy to be secretary to somebody like Sherry.
- MAGGIE:** Yes, you meet such interesting people . . . (LORRAINE crosses to couch.) That's quite a gown, Lorraine. Going anywhere? (Goes to chair down R.)
- LORRAINE:** This? Oh, I just threw on anything at all. (Sits on sofa.) Aren't you dressing for dinner?
- MAGGIE:** (Crosses to back of sofa.) No, just what meets the eye. (She has occasion to carry a few papers across room at this point. LORRAINE'S eyes watch her narrowly. As MAGGIE reaches C. she gives LORRAINE a polite social smile, then continues to D.R.)
- LORRAINE:** Who does your hair, Maggie?
- MAGGIE:** A little French woman named Maggie Cutler comes in every morning.
- LORRAINE:** You know, every time I see you, I keep thinking your hair could be so lovely. I always wanted to get my hands on it.
- MAGGIE:** (Sits; quietly.) I've always wanted to get mine on yours, Lorraine.

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- LORRAINE:** *(Absently.)* What, dear? *(One of the RADIO MEN drifts into room with a table for control board, puts it L. of tree, drifts out again. As he reaches arch U.R., he grins broadly at LORRAINE. LORRAINE'S eyes follow him idly. Then she turns to MAGGIE again.)* By the way, what time does Beverly get here? I'm not over-anxious to meet him.
- MAGGIE:** He's been and gone, Lorraine.
- LORRAINE:** Really? Well, I'm very glad . . . Of course, you're great friends, aren't you — you and Beverly?
- MAGGIE:** Yes, we are. I think he's a wonderful person.
- LORRAINE:** Oh, I suppose he is. But really, when I finished acting with him, I was a perfect wreck. All during that tender love scene that the critics thought was so magnificent, he kept dropping peanut shells down my dress. I wouldn't act with him again if I were starving.
- MAGGIE:** *(Rise, crosses to C.)* Tell me, Lorraine, have you found a new play yet?
- LORRAINE:** *(At once on guard.)* No — no, I haven't. There was a pile of manuscripts waiting in New York for me, but I hurried right out here to Sherry.
- MAGGIE:** Yes, it was wonderful of you, Lorraine — to drop everything that way and rush to Sherry's wheelchair.
- LORRAINE:** Well, after all, Maggie, dear, what else has one in this world but friends? . . .
- MAGGIE:** *(Crosses R. to D.R.)* That's what I always say . . . *(RADIO MAN enters up R. with control board, puts it on table.)* Everything ok?
- RADIO MAN:** Yes, thank you. *(Starting off, never taking his eyes off LORRAINE. He reaches library doors, realizes his mistake, exits into dining room U.R.)*
- LORRAINE:** How long will Sherry be in there?
- MAGGIE:** *(Crosses to C.)* Not long . . . Did you know that Mr. Jefferson has written quite a good play? The young man that drove you to the hotel.
- LORRAINE:** Really? No, I didn't. Isn't that interesting?
- MAGGIE:** Yes, isn't it?
- (Considerable pause. The ladies smile at each other.)*
- LORRAINE:** *(Evading Maggie's eyes.)* They've put a polish on my nails I simply loathe. I don't suppose Elizabeth Arden has a branch in this town.
- MAGGIE:** *(Busy with her papers.)* Not if she has any sense.
- LORRAINE:** *(Rises, to back of sofa, then to piano.)* Oh, well, I'll just bear it, but it does depress me. *(She wanders aimlessly for a moment. Picks up a book from table.)* Have you read this,

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Maggie? Everybody was reading it on the boat. I hear you
simply can't put it down

MAGGIE:

I put it down— right there.